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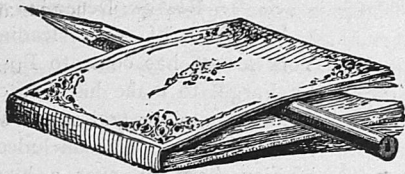
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To these are contrasted the woodcuts on pages 30 and 31, by the famous Dalziel Brothers, from "Picturesque Tours in Picturesque Lands," and Dalziel's "Bible Gallery," respectively, imported through the London publishers by Messrs. Scribner & Welford. Mr. George R. Halm, in his clever Kettledrum Cards, which present some familiar Mother Goose rhymes with quite a new application, are simple pen-and-ink drawings with a "tint" ground, differing somewhat from Mr. Piton's flower designs for china painting in our extra supplement. Chinese white is effectively employed in conjunction with the "tint" to give the pupil a hint as to the proper direction of the brush in laying on his color.

#### FORTUNY'S "FANTASIA."

AT the establishment of Messrs. Knoedler, in this city, there has been received one of the capital and chief works of Fortuny—the "Fantasia," a subject belonging to the early part of the artist's career, and mentioned in his "Life," by the Baron Davilliers. Algeria has given our language two or three words, such as "razzia," "zouave," and in its present sense, "fantasia." The fantasia is a game played by mounted horsemen, a sort of sham fight in honor of the distinguished guest they may be entertaining or escorting. It is performed by the riders meeting each other at full gallop, pausing, and shooting under the horses' bodies of the opposite party; then, wheeling, dashing off to a distance, and meeting again with the same shock and "talking of the powder," as they call it. Fortuny, in representing such a scene, had a splendid chance to depict horses in motion, and excited Spahis. But the picture is an early one, the artist's touch is still a little timid and conventional; his scattering horses, distributed minutely about a plain, are more like the scrupulous and neat horses of Detaille than like the romantic thundering horses of Regnault. The landscape, especially the distant hill and sky to the left, is painted with a great deal of quiet power, and with some prediction of that skilful contrast of values which makes the daylight seem to burn so hotly in many of his later pictures. The whole effect of the canvas, for a Fortuny, is disappointing. He is still too near the traditions of Overbeck—one of whose pupils was his first instructor—to make a bold dash for the splendor and audacity he afterward attained. We see a hilly landscape and an enclosed plain, rather soberly sprinkled with little mounted figures, half lost against the groundwork. The passion and energy proper to these figures is only seen on minute inspection with a lens—it does not force itself on the eye as the master-motive of artfully relieved and conspicuous foreground groups. But as one of the Fortuny landmarks, an event in his biography, the picture is important, and it is pleasant to know that it will be retained in America. Messrs. Knoedler, as the representatives of Goupil, received this season some other notable works. A large woodland scene by Diaz, with velvety lights "flatted" (as the decorators say) over the tree-trunks, and a small Corot (among several of his larger subjects) showing his country village of the Ville d'Avray, through a lacework of intersecting branches—as well as another immense Corot, bright with sunset—are conspicuous in the collection.



## My Note Book.



VIEWED as a whole, the paintings at the opening art exhibition of the Lotos Club were not of striking merit, although there were some excellent canvases. George H. Story's large interior, "Library at Winyah Park," was exhibited for the first time, and attracted much favorable comment. "Interior of Arreton Church, Isle of Wight," by J. F. Cropsey, is solidly painted and admirable in color. Among the landscapes

were a charming meadow scene, by Casilear, a good view on Lake Maggiore by H. A. Ferguson, and "Morning on the Upper Saranac," by C. H. Chapin, painted in his best manner. A capital river scene, called "An Anxious Moment," by A. F. Tait, showed a sportsman in a canoe, in the act of discharging his rifle at a splendid deer. "The Old Story," by Jerome Thompson—an impossible landscape with impossible figures—was much too bad to be exhibited, and the same may be said of a picture called "Olivia's Song," by a painter whose name I do not remember. Boughton's "Farewell," which has been engraved, Thomas Moran's "Communipaw Flats," and Louis C. Tiffany's "Market Day"—all excellent pictures—are too old acquaintances to call for present comment. Among other contributors to the exhibition were Arthur Quartley, George H. Smillie, A. Bierstadt, Van Elten, W. L. Sontag, J. F. Church, Charles H. Miller, J. H. Beard, W. H. Beard, Constant Mayer, Hovenden, Bridgman, Shurtleff, David Johnson, Frank Waller, Lyman, Bricher, and Marston Ream.

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THE only European artist represented was the wonderful Heimmerdinger, whose "Dead Hare," which attracted much attention at the National Academy Exhibition last year, and whose "High Life"—a dead canary hanging to the cover of a cigar-box—were lent to the exhibition by Mr. Fechteler, of this city. This gentleman, so far as I know, is the only person in this country who has imported any of Heimmerdinger's paintings. I understand, however, that Mr. S. P. Avery intends to bring some over next summer. They are certainly the perfection of imitative art. The cigar-box cover in the picture referred to is so natural that one visitor at the exhibition would not be satisfied that it was counterfeited until, when he thought he was unobserved, he had stealthily touched the canvas with his finger. This painting, of course, is not of the highest kind of art, but it is evident by the admirable work on the bird itself that Heimmerdinger could well afford to dispense with his childish tricks if he were inclined to do so. He is, however, evidently a wag, and he amuses himself by putting his jokes on canvas.

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THOSE who have begun Sensier's "Life of Millet" in Scribner's Magazine may now—thanks to the enterprise of James R. Osgood & Co., who have made some arrangement in the matter with the publishers of the magazine—find it complete, with illustrations and all, in book-form. With really wonderful rapidity the volume has been rushed through the press for the holidays, and, suffering nothing by the haste, makes one of the most attractive and readable volumes of the season.

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SOME of the best of the Millet designs—including Cole's engraving of "The Sower," and Heard's cut of "The Spaders"—appear in the Second Portfolio of Pictures from Scribner's Monthly and St. Nicholas. This portfolio is somewhat different in its make-up from the one issued last year by Scribner & Co., and it is considerably cheaper in price, being published at only five dollars. There are fifty pictures, all printed this time on separate loose sheets, some of them in delicate tints. They include two of the clever reproductions of Seymour Haden's etchings by Jungling and Speer, Closson's "Young Russian Girl," Blum's drawings of Jefferson as "Bob Acres," Mrs. Gilbert as "Mrs. Candour," Cole's Gladstone and Seymour Haden, and his "Russian Nun," "Apollo and Marsyas," Savonrola, and many other gems of fine wood engraving and process reproduction, nearly all of which I have mentioned in this column in the course of the past year. On the whole, I think this second portfolio of proofs is better than the first. The examples are certainly more valuable in themselves, there being apparently no effort on the part of the publishers this time to draw attention to experimental eccentricities in wood-engraving.

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"WILL Sarah Bernhardt model the bust of Mr. Longfellow, or will she not?" is a question that is agitating the country press a good deal. It was first announced that the poet had consented to sit to her, and then it was reported that he had declined. The facts are that Mr. Longfellow actually agreed to be modelled by the fair sculptress, but his daughters subsequently persuaded him to give up the idea,

It is surprising how many persons' fortunes, besides her own, this wonderful little woman is instrumental in making. Like the fairy princess in the story-book, she drops pearls and rubies whenever she opens her mouth, and whenever she combs her hair the floor is strewn with diamonds. There seems to be hardly any limit to the schemes for profit associated with her name which have been launched since her arrival in this country. As for her photographs, Sarony is thousands of cards behind his orders for them, and is likely to continue so for some time. The photographs of her sculpture, particularly the "Ophelia," are excellent, and I hear they sell well. Those who suppose that her work in this direction is that of an ordinary amateur have only to look at this photograph, if they cannot see the original, to discover their error. The exhibition of her paintings and sculpture is even more successful in Boston than it was in New York, and, in conjunction with it, thousands of copies of the illustrated "Catalogue and Souvenir," containing, among other pictures, eight of her own sketches, are bought eagerly at twenty-five cents a piece.

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HER reception at Boston was voted a social as well as an artistic success, many of the "best people" of the Hub attending it, and being presented to her. She had been hard at work all the morning in the Studio Building, revarnishing her paintings, stopping in her work every now and then to give her autograph to this visitor or make a sketch for that visitor who happened to drop in. This she did invariably with the most perfect good humor. An enthusiastic Frenchman begged her to let him keep the brush she had been using, which she laughingly consented to do, and added to the value of the gift by painting on the flat side of the handle a miniature of her "Perroquets" which hangs in the gallery. In the afternoon she was on hand again, to do the honors of the reception. For two mortal hours, nearly weighed down by heavy furs, she stood near the entry and received the compliments of her visitors, some of whom—the ladies particularly—were tediously effusive with their curious French, of which they delivered themselves with immense satisfaction. She hardly understood a word of it; but, to judge from the interested expression of her face, you would have supposed that it was extremely entertaining to her. Among the newspaper men present—and they seemed legion—was Monsieur Soudan, whose letter in The Sun, in Bernhardt's defence against her detractors, attracted much attention a few days ago. Mr. Thiebelin, of the staff of that journal, has been generally credited with the authorship of the article, the signature "Soudan" it being supposed was one of his many noms de plume. But I can vouch that Soudan is a separate entity, and a very good-looking young Frenchman to boot. He wears glasses and a very becoming single-breasted frock-coat, which buttons with military "frogs" all down the front.

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THE Salmagundi Sketch Club is becoming famous, as it well deserves to be; for it contains an immeasurable amount of talent, which one of these days will assert itself in a way which will startle the world of art. Joseph Hatton, in a recent London (?) letter to The New York Times, says that one of the club's black and white exhibitions in London "would be a revelation to English artists." He writes:

"I gathered from my interviews with the Salmagundians that neither socially nor financially does the American artist come near his brother of London. America seems to have no standard of judgment in regard to native merit. The American artist must leave his own country and make a name in London, Paris, or Rome before his own people believe in him. If Mr. Burns, who has all the artistic instincts for marine work that belong to our English Hook, should ever have the means and the courage to fix his residence in Europe, his American work will, within two years of his leaving home, go up 100 per cent in market value."

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AT the forthcoming exhibition of the Salmagundi Club there promises to be the best collection of American etchings ever got together at one time. Mr. Volkmar, a member of the club, will send prints of the various states of the etching he has just completed for THE ART AMATEUR. He says he considers it the best he has done. I think so, too, and to say that, all who know what good work he has done will admit is no slight praise.

MONTEZUMA,